

*The History of*

Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold  
At *Windſor*, ſo informe the Lords:  
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to us againe,  
For more is to be ſayd, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be uttered.  
*Weſt.* I will, my Liege.

*Enter Prince of Wales, and ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

*Exeunt.*

*Fal.* Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

*Prin.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a devill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? Unleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the ſignes of leaping-Houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Falſ.* Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purſes, goe by the Moon and ſeven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight ſo faire: and I prethee, ſweet wagge, when thou art King, as God ſave thy Grace; Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilt have none.

*Prin.* What, none?

*Falſ.* No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prin.* Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Falſ.* Marry then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſte Miſtris the Moone; under whoſe countenance we ſteale.

*Prince.* Thou ſayſt well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for  
proofe

*Henry the Fourth.*

proofe: Now a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tuesday morning; got with ſwearing lay by, and ſpent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Falſ.* By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne a moſt ſweet wench?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buſſe Jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

*Falſ.* How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buſſe Jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to dee with my Hoſteſſe of the Taverne?

*Falſ.* Well, thou haſt cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Falſ.* No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt payd all there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not, I have uſ'd my credit.

*Falſ.* Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus ſnub'd as it is with the ruſty crub of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou ſhalt.

*Falſ.* Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'll be a brave Judge.

*Prin.* Thou judgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

*Falſ.* Well, *Hall*, well, and in ſome ſort it jumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prin.* For obtaining of ſutes?

*Falſ.* Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat, or a lugd-Bear.

*Prin.* Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

*Falſ.* Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* Bagpipe.

*Prince.* What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of  
Moore